Twas King George's Prime Minister said it, To the King who had questioned, in heat, What he meant by appointing Thankagiving, In such times of all luck and defeat; "What's the cause for your Day of Thankag

ing,
Tell me, pray?" cried the King, in his ire;
said the Minister: "This is the reason—
That things are no worse, O, my Sire!"

There has nothing come down in the story Of the answer returned by the King;
But I think on his throne he sat silent,
And confessed it a sensible thing.
For there's never a burden so heavy
That it might not be heavier still; There is never so bitter a sorrow That the cup could not fuller fill.

And whatever of care or of sadness
Our life and our duties may bring.
There is always the cause for Thanksgiving
Which the Minister told to the King.
Tis a lesson to sing and remember;
It can comfort and warm like a fire, Can cheer us when days are the darkes

"That things are no worse, O, my Sire!"

—Helen Jackson (H. H.), in Wide Awake, [Original.]

A ROMANTIC EPISODE. One Flirtation, One Thanksgiving, One Wedding.

BY 6-5-30.

SKY PARLOR, CRICAGO, Oct. 6 .- To the Editor-in-Chief Collection, City.—Dear Sir: It pains me exceedingly to be obliged to incur your displeasure in regard to the next chapters of "Coming Eventa." But really the days have grown so short, with work ever on the increase—indeed, sometimes, I think I shall drop either the office or my literary aspirations altogether. The former, notwithstanding your kind assurances, I am not prepared to do; the latter, I can not; so there the days go by—frittered at both ends, wasted in the middle. And then—and then—dear Mr. Editor, lend me your most sympathysic car, if you have got such most sympathetic ear, if you have got such a thing—I have a little romantic episode of

Hoping not to strain your kind temper yours Resp.
"Tigen." too far, I remain,

SKY PARLOR, CHICAGO, Oct. 13.—Editor Criterion.—Dear Sir: I send you the promised sheets, and hope to be "on hand" with

the next.

Aha! So you really have a "sentimental ear" and want to knew about my "roman-tic ep." Well, I do not mind telling you, we are such great friends—though we have never met. Besides, I knew you are such a regular old mole you never will disclose. Besides, I have not a soul to tell, and I am dying for sympathy. You see Dick Ray and I had a regular fuss, night before last, as to our favorite style of beauty; the subject being started by a question as to proference, in my new "Mental Autograph Album." So pronounced was my enthusiasm for that rare combination, "light hair and dark eyes," that Dick, whose unrelieved ravenness has never been able to score a hit closer to the center of my heart than "friendship," was somewhat startled. Besides, I have not a soul to tell, and I am than "friendship," was somewhat startled, and I could see not a little nettled. One word led to another, each one making me but the more loyal to what, true as fate, dear mole, has never been more than an ideal in my mind. So strong was the impression left by the controversy that sleep was not able to banish it. A hero of "light hair and dark eyes" wandered with me through dreamland, appeared in the sunlit rays which woke me; indeed, followed me clear into the office, where every thing, not business and clothes, are supposed to be

peremptorily "dropped."

By noon, his idealship was pretty well banished, however, and I started to lunch at the usual hour without him, till, coming to the corner of Wabash avenue and Adams street, the capers of a fractious horse disturbed the symmetry of travel, and a sudden huddle and halt of the "liv-ing stream" brought me face to face with as perfect a type of poor Dick's rival as could possibly be met with in a day's search. Such remarkably fine brown eyes! So deep set in shape, so liberal, kindly frank in expression, so charming in con-trust with the hair, whose "lightness" the rim of a very stylish and becoming Derby disclosed to be "whiteness," for my materialized ideal was an elderly, porty, handsome gentleman, of the type only to be met with on earth, I believe, in Paris New York and Chicago-a thorous tylish, clean, healthy, business man!

The huddle of people, the sudden ap-pearance, right before my eyes, of my ideal beautiful in man, recalling, as it did, the ridiculous quarrel of the night before shocked me utterly out of all my usus ess, all my theories on the subject of street-conduct, all my self-control; I



PACE TO PACE.

pace to pace.

smiled—one of my very best—straight into the middle of the brown eyes, which, I need not assure you, were not at all behind hand in a genuine response—with interest. A momentary hesitation of expectancy, refusal, regret, a polite raising of the becoming Derby, and we had parted—my ideal and I—for aye, and aye, and aye.

You think I did right, ne c'est pas?

SET PARLOR, CHICAGO, Oct. 20.-Edi Criterion.—Dear Sir: I am sorry to say, I must again disappoint you with sheets of "Coming Events." Night before last I slept but two hours, last night was utterly worthless, could do nothing rational in the way of work—I am so disturbed and un-

happy!
What do you think happened Thursday!
Just about the same place and same time,
whom should I meet again, but my nice old
gentleman. Oh, but he is handsome! with whom should I meet again, but my nice old gentleman. Oh, but he is handsome! with such a look—more than a look—that makes me want so much to know him. I know he would be such a good, true friend—and ch, my dear sir, I am so desolate of friends! He was carrying an umbrella, so was I, and we passed, like two ships at see, as near as we dared; I with my stoniest glare, he with a merry twinkle in his eye, and a halt in his gait that told me, well as I wanted to know, that I need not walk alone to lunch that day, unless I wished. But I saw well enough that he was a wealthy gentleman, who, no doubt, would be only too glad to have a little sport with the heart of a poor little maiden, who would have naught but regret left to fill the emptianes in her life, after he had fied to pastures new.

Novertheless, after passing, a strong desire possessed me to see how he walked, maying wherein he might turn on the arrang, that well give me seem due to he had believe we will be, by woking less than W—s

great, big photograph-case standing way out on the pavement, with its shelter, and shade, and excuse, right on its beautiful face! Oh, why will people do that which they know they will be sorry for! And why will inanimate things conspire, in will inanimate things conspire, in of weakness, to lead the doubter to wards regret! This apple of Sodom came in my way at my weakest, bidding me halt—just a moment—look at the pictures,



I PEEKED.

and—peek! I halted—just a moment—looked at the pictures, and—peeked! O ho! there was my ideal, turned square around, looking after me, stock still, umbrella over his shoulder, the whitest of white hand-kerchiefs in his hand! Of course he expected me to do some such graceless thing, and here I, poor silly goose, walked right

into the trap.

The storm of anger, mortification and The storm of anger, mortification and self-blame, ended, as storms usually do, in copious rain; and you may depend that never again will I get caught in such a shameful manner. Oh, shame upon me! Never! What would the dear prim little aunt, way back in the prim little church-yard, of the primest town in all of prim old Connecticut, say, could she know that I, to whom her last words were of caution and advice on account of my "looks," should here, in the nobbiest city of the whole wild West, be caught, in the public street, flirting with a materialized ideal! "Troes." BET PARIOR, Oct. 27.—Editor Criterion.— Dear Sir: You see I have been quite industrious. I send you advance sheets this time, You will say my humiliating lesson did me good. So it did. I have since frequently met "my nice old gentleman." He ms to understand that I am no commo flirt. He passes in respectful and unexpectant manner, that is not indifference, but which increases my interest in him ten-fold for its manliness. One look, one word of intrusion or familiarity, after he saw it settled the matter. All interest in him would have died on the spot. I loathe an old slop! He is all that is manly, self-controlled and gentlemanly—I do believe, my dear, sympathizing mole, that I am more than half in love with light hair, dark eyes, fifty years and two hundred pounds!

SET PARLOR, Nov. 3 .- Editor Criterion .-Dear Sir: I send you the next four chap-ters. You will say I must be going to die.

I am so good.

One more episode in my romance, which I write with tears in my eyes. Last night I was standing at the corner of Washington and State streets waiting for the car. You know what an excessively sloppy, nasty night it was, and what a task it is to reach the cable at that hour, through such reach the case at that hour, through such a jangle of every thing, and the mud, too. I was feeling particularly cross and uncomfortable. The rain was playing have with my pretty little rough suit, as the mud would with my neat shoes. I must have looked mad, I felt so—not daring to go on, not daring to wait, lest the rain should innot daring to wait, lest the rain should in-crease; when, with a great throb, that sent a new supply of blood, hope, courage and delight to every vein in my body, my neart saw, coming straight towards me, my dear saw, coming straight towards me, my dear old gentleman, with his certain, gracious manner, and his raised umbrella, which, with a respectful but firm "permit me," he hold straight over the damy little turban, and, gently taking my arm, escorted me, through all the "jungle of every thing," to the car steps. But the bustle was not too great, nor the way too short nor difficult, to prevent his expressing in—oh, such to prevent his expressing, in—oh, such bundles, there they all were, close beside well-bred and new tones—how much he would like the pleasure of my acquaintance, "You must allow me to see you safely to would like the pleasure of my acquaintance, very long, to call upon me at my home-might he not have my address to-night.

know how I almost choked as I told him

late, and I knee he was good and true.
"Oh, my dear sir," I said, "it is indeed impossible. Indeed, indeed, it is not that I have any objections to you, your own self, but, don't you see, if I let you—there is no why I-should-not let-anybody at least, there is — nothing to prevent— your—thinking—I—would—and"—I could say no more. I fancy he heard the great sob underneath, for in tones so low, not even the little rain drops falling about us could hear, he stooped and said, oh, so car-nestly: "God bless and take care of you, my dear good little girl!" then stooping still lower, he kissed my hand, as resp fully as if I had been some great lady, and we were standing on the ball-room floor of some elegant home. The rain drops which splashed on the hard alligator side of my little sachel must have been cold on one side and warm on the other; cold for re gret at the happiness I had thrown, willfully, over my shoulder, warm with the in-tense thrills of delight which any woman always feels at receiving the well-carned respect of a thoroughly manly man. "TIGER."

SET PARLOR, Nov. 10. - Editor Criterion BEY PARIOR, NOV. 10. — Editor Criterion.
—Dear Sir: I send you a few more pages. I fear that I must bring "Coming Events" to a more abrupt conclusion than I had intended. It, or something, is wearing on me perceptibly. I can neither sleep cat. I shall make it up to you later.

Thanks for your kind personal interest

and your sympathy in my little romance, and desire for "more." I must tell you. and desire for "more." I must tell you.
The restaurant was awfully crowded yesterday, as it always is Saturdays. I had a
very pleasant seat, however, with a vacant
chair beside me, which the kind waiter always lets me have to hold my sachel an parcels. I went to writing as usual-most of "Coming Events" was begotten between "orders"—and so interested was I in Chap-ter 13, inclosed, that I did not notice the waiter to, inclosed, that I did not notice the waiter coming my way, till, with a murmured "pardon," he removed my things and placed the newcomer therein. So absorbed was I that I never looked up, till the waiter's return, when, whom should I find waiter's return, when, whom should I find sitting by my side, but "him!" And there lay your "note-heads" large as life, with your grandiloquent name tastefully scroll-bound in full, on the left-hand corner— M. L. De Verne, Editor-in-chief, Criterios. What if he had seen it! Oh, what if he What if he had seen it! Oh, what if he had, and was even now mentally denouncing that mosquito in petticoats, the "female reporter!" But he did not seem as if he had. His shapely, well-kept hands were nonchalently joined at the tips, over the white cloth, and the wonderful brown eyes indifferently fixed on the awning over the rival restaurant across the way. No, I am sure he did not see; and I did not prolong his opportunity for so doing, I can assure you. He was immaculately dressed in a cool, fawn-colored suit, faultless linen, and the short white hair e is pompadeur over the broad forshead, the whole set off by a nobby little k tion-hole bouquet—red and white. Had I seen a sative of Senegambia he could not have remained more utterly unconscious of my presence than he did,

ing manner of the "chesp-John" gobblers, who so offended my domestic taste every time I ste in a restaurant. He kept his dishes neatly arranged about him, so as not to interfere with anybody, and, as if anticipating the relief it would give, loft the room

to interfere with anybody, and, as if anticipating the relief it would give, left the room first.

And there lay the dear little daisy at the other side of his plate. How did it get out of its compact little home! It must have fallen out. I could not bear to see so sweet a flower tossed into a gravy dish, so I put it into my little sachel. Ah, you dear little daisy, don't you tell!

BEY PARLOR, Nov. 17.—Editor Orlierion.—Dear Sir: I must disappoint you this week. I have been very ill. The doctor insists upon perfect rest. I shall try to send you some pages Thuredsy.

BEY PARLOR, Nov. 25.—Editor Orlierion.—Dear Sir: I send you the promised sheets. I am much better. The most exciting "episode" of all occurred a day or two after I sent my last "installment." I was feeling unusually blue. No doubt the effect of being sick and weak. Then the Thanksgiving season approaching, the sad past and lonely present came as never before so painfully to my mind. I could not bear the thought of the joyous anniversary, nor the hosts of happy, thankful people who would enjoy its pleasures. What had I to be thankful for! Life! So had the mollusks, and sponges, and corals of the great deep, who knew no cause. I had worked harder, enjoyed less, and suffered more than any one similarly situated, whom I chanced to know. Well, anyway, I decided to stay sway from the restaurant that day and arrange my own small bill of fare as nearly as possible in accord with the day. I had once taken home some cranberries, just because they were so pretty and dinner-like, and, as an experiment, had stewed them over my little gas-heater, and made most delicious sauce. I could do so again. This, with some turkey taken from the restaurant, rolls from my favorite bakery, and a box of candy, would furnish me a taurant, rolls from my favorite bakery, and a box of candy, would furnish me a meal fit for a queen—if she were a happy one—at one-half the cost of a similar one one—at one-half the cost of a similar one prepared by "stranger hands." The balance I would inclose in an envelope to the little errand-boy who was accustomed to bring errands to our office from S. & Co., whose wan face and pleasant smile had touched my heart, and who was the only person I knew that I felt justified in pitying.

It was late when I reached "down town. and after getting my few errands, I was weak and trembling, and I sat in G—s & Co.'s to wait for the car. While I ,'jotted down a notion" the car-bell startled me, and I jumped up hastily, gathering my effects—rolls, chicken, cranborries and the paper which I crumpled back in my hand as I ran. I had almost reached the step, when by some mis-sight, the conductor rang the bell. The next I knew I was rolling over and over, and over, in the doubtful snow and slush, skirts in mid-air, hat rolling under the wheels and the unfortunate cranberries dripping through a hole in their bag, proclaiming in balls of crimson guilt my mortifying story to conductor, passengers, passers-by, and, horror of horrors! my dear old gentleman!!! For he it was whose strong arm righted me, as though I had slipped in the most simple and graceful manner possible, leading me to a seat in



THE DEAR LITTLE DAIST.

the car, as though we were returning from a picnic-brushing down the mud and snow-striped "rough suit," as though brushing a butterfly from a lawn-tennis costume, and seating himself beside me, as though he had been my escort since the morning. I did not need to look for my

to be trusted alone." Whatever more wory long, to call upon me at my home—
inght he not have my address to-night.

And of course—of course—why of course
—I could not let him. Ah! but you can not know how I almost choked as I told him so. Oh! dear, can you think, I was so deso late, and I knew he was good and true.

"Oh, my dear sir," I said, "it is indeed impossible. Indeed, indeed, it is not that I was all that was left of me, ten seconds after I touched the little lounge.

And the next voice I heard was the doctor's and a very strictly professional voice.

tor's, and a very strictly professional voice it was, after the dear tender tones that had sent me to sleep!

sent me to sleep!

CONTINUATION FROM PRIVATE DIARY.

And so I spent Thanksgiving Day in bed, and four days after. The fifth day a second form followed the doctor's into the parlor—which I had, for the fit, time, reached again—and shed its "light hair and dark eyes" upon the face of the little mirror which had reflected Dick's angry glances, the evening of our discussion of that fate. the evening of our discussion of that fate ful subject.
The doctor staid only long enough to feel

my pulse, change my medicine and intr duce me to his old friend and fellow-citize Oh, kindly earth, open and swallow me up!!! Ye, snows, fall in heaps and bury me from sight!! Oh, sun, cease your cruel shining, and let a merciful darkness enshroud my crushed, humiliating self!! for the doctor introduced me to—M. L. De-Verne, editor-in-chief Criterion, city, who for the last eight weeks had been receiving, in the private box of his editor-in-chiefship, the twin romances of "Coming Events" and my own dearly-bought story of seif-proclaimed love and devotion for the "dear old mole, who would not disclose," and with whom my identification dated from that day when the brown eyes rested in differently on the awning of the rival res taurant across the way after they had de liciously twinkled over their owner's name

liciously twinkled over their owner's name tastefully scroll-bound on the left-hand corner of the Criterion note-head, so accommodatingly displayed to his gaze.

"My dear old gentleman," indeed! "So handsome, so stylish and so clean." "How I longed to know him!" "How I longed to serve with hands of love, the dainty dinner brought by stranger hands!" Oh, you bad little daisy, what made you tell!

The scalding tears of shame burst from my eyes. I made a dash for the door, but a gentle, firm hold was on my wrist, gentle firm tones in my ear, and the "whitest of white handkerchiefs" wiping the tears from my eyes!

from my eyes!

Before going, I promised to let him come and dine with me that evening; he sending in the dinner which should be served in that same little parlor, which was secured from intrusion, by a charm more potent than any possessed by the "Sky parlor" tenant.

What all happened that day need not be

diamond fisches, captured by the delicate circlet, inside which was inscribed the sim-ple record: "Thanksgiving, 1885." A few days later was added the follow-

CHICAGO, Dec. 1.—To the Officers of the Ori-

CHICAGO, Dec. 1.—To the Officers of the Orterion Publishing Company—Gentlemen: Inclosed please find concluding chapters of "Coming Events."

I beg to add that in view of a coming event which did not cast its shadow at their commencement, I herewith, by order of your editor-in-chief, tender you release from your part in the contract binding us in literary relations through the year '86.

With ever-living hopes for the success of your excellent magazine, I remain,
Yours very resp., "Tight."

HUNTING FOR AN HEIR. An Humble Rhode Island Weaver and Hi

[Providence (R. L.) Special.] All the mills in this State are being vis All the mills in this ctate are being vis-ted by Adolphe Balashe and John E. Girard, of Cherbourg, France, who are hunting for Edouard Marie Recamier, who is the heir to a large fortune in France. If now alive he is an old man, and he is be-lieved to have followed the trade of a

weaver all his life.

The men who are searching for him say that during the First Empire, and when Mme. Recamier was a noted belle, a near relative of hers, and heir to large estates, deserted his family and entered the navy

deserted his family and entered the navy as a sailor under an assumed name. He was but a mere lad. He was placed on board the brig Pomme d'Or, which saw considerable service in Napoleon's reign.

Young Recamier was unsuited to his position, and he soon gained the ill-will of his measurates and his superior officers. Accustomed to a life of ease and luxury, he found living on board ship before the mast as a common sailor very disagreeable, and he was often disciplined for disobeying orders. A young Lieutenant complained be was often disciplined for disobeying orders. A young Lieutenant complained of him often, and finally succeeded in having him triced up to the breach of a gun, where he was flogged. The Lieutenant little realized who the young man was, but the latter knew him. He at once became a sworn enemy of the empire. While the ship was at New Orleans he deserted her, and, coming North, he fell in love with a Franch girl near Boston and made her his French girl near Boston and made her his wife. The girl was an operative in a cot-A child was born, and soon after this event Recamier deserted them both.

When the First Empire was overthrown

When the First Empire was overthrown he returned to France and assisted in the guillotining of the Lieutenant who had humiliated him on board ship. While in France he paid court to a lady of rank, a relative, it is said, of Mms. Roland, and he concealed his American marriage. The lady's name was Mile. Arnot, and she soon married Recamier. Seven children was hore. Mr. and Mrs. Recamies. she soon married Recamier. Seven chil-dren were born. Mr. and Mrs. Recamier died about fifty years ago. Ten years aft-er their death their children, who had come into possession of their property, discovered a paper among their effects which disclosed the fact of the first mar-riage, which, of course, made the second marriage illegal. It was learned from the paper that Recamier had made some ef-forts to discover his first wife and her child, in order that he might, in a measure, atone for the wrong which he had done. The heirs by the second marriage agreed to destroy the paper and divide the

agreed to destroy the paper and divide the property among them.

The paper was destroyed, and for forty years the estates have been in their hands. But the secret could not be kept. An inevitable quarrel took place, and one of the heirs, now rich from other sources, disclosed the scandal for revenge, and offers to give up his portion of the inheritance, knowing that the others will be ruined when they are obliged to follow his example. A reward of twenty thou, sand frances was offered for the discovery of the child by the American marriage. of the child by the American marriage who is Recamier's first born and heir to his estates. Messra Girard and Balashe are in earnest, and will leave no stone un turned to find the missing beir.

A STUDY IN HICKORY.

mething About the Best Nut Produ

[Popular Science Monthly.] It is a favorite pastime of our country population during the long winter even and eat hickory-nuts. It is an amusement too, peculiarly American, and for the sim-ple reason that in this country alone are the nuts to be had in any abundance. Per-haps, where almonds or English walnuts haps, where almonts or lengths whickory-nuts is superseded by a resort to these other fruits. They, however, are much easier to open than the hickory-nut, and with thinner shells are readily cracked at the table. But in America, in these disricts where the peanut does not take the place of other nuts, the cracking of the hickory still continues. Whether it be the pecan of Texas and Illinois, or the shell-bark or mocker-nut of the Central or Eastern States, the amusement is the same. They are the best nuts the forests of North America produce, and some of them are thought to be superior in flavor

to the much-esteemed English walnut. Year after year have hundreds and the sands of bushels of the shell-barks, the hickory-nuts par excellence, been gathered in various parts of the country. Among these, few can have failed to notice the many differences they present. Some are small and nearly round; some are long, narrow and angular; some have thick shells, and some thin ones, as any one who as cracked his fingers along with the shell can bear witness.

According to evolutionary dectrines, variability in an important feature is an indication either of a low state of development, or that the organism is in a state o advancement. Various facts show the latter to be the case with the shell-bark hickory. The first stages of the onward march must be sought far back in prehistor must be sought far back in prehistoric times, for it boasts an ancient if not an honorod lineage. Before the hairy mam-moth roamed the forests of the Ohio val-ley; before the soil of Louisiana was yet above the ocean's waters; before the Ohio had become tributary to the mighty Missispip; before even the Rocky mountain range had been elevated above the waste of waters, the ancestors of this hickory flourished in the land.

[Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.] Never frighten children. A man frenton, whose fourteen-year-old boy got to staying out too late nights, but a black mask on his face, hid in a dark alley and mask on his face, hid in a dark alley and jumped out at his son with a fearful yell as the boy passed by. But it happened that a policeman was strolling along at the same time, and, as he caught sight of the masked figure, he shrieked with terror, ran four miles at the top of his speed, and dropped dead, while the boy, hastily calling together a mob of his fellows, pursued his father down the alley with bricks and language, both hard. And yet, in spite of these terrible lessons, there are grown people who foolishly delight in frightening children. Still, the same grown person isn't liable to some the same boy oftener than once in a century.

THE INDUSTRIAL WORLD

-Forty-two new ice factories have past nine months.

--Whale-fishing has steadily decreased during the past ten years.

This season, however, it has had a healthy revival.

N. Y. Sun.

—A grape-grower in the Allegheny valley, Pennsylvania, claims to have raised eighteen thousand pounds of grapes from five acres of ground this

—The yield of wheat this year on the sagebrush lands of Nevada, that were considered worthless for agricul-ture, has averaged fifteen bushels to

the acre.

—China is beginning to yield to the popular appetite for industrial exhibitions. An international exposition is contemplated to be held at Shanghai in 1888.

—Minneapolis mills can make over 33,000 barrels of flour a day. Kept running all the time, they would furnish bread for one-fourth of the people of the United States.—Chicago Tribuna. -At the factory in Augusta, Ga., it has been no uncommon thing for an average of seventy-five men to be absent daily. They quit work when they felt like it and resumed at will.

-A man named Parker has invented a plan for sawing off trees close to the ground. Where there are no wind shakes this, it would seem, must save a good deal of valuable lumber. — Troy Times.

-Russia is going to have a railroad

tunnel three miles long, at a cost of \$3,500,000. She has 15,000 miles of railway, but her only tunnel is 700 yards long. More great works of this kind are contemplated, and as Russian engineers are ignorant of tunnel-making, there is a demand for foreign skill. -Millions of washboards are made and sold in the United States every year, and at least 7,200,000 are sold yearly between the Allegheny Moun-tains and the Missouri river. There are two factories in Cleveland which turn out 200 dozen washboards a day, one in Toledo which turus out 300 dozen daily, and two in St. Louis which

turn out over a million a year. - Chicago Tribune.

—It is claimed that in the production of cherry lumber McKean County, Pa., leads all the counties in the State and is second to Lycoming only in the man-ufacture of lumber of all kinds. There are forty-three saw-mills in the county, and they cut 100,000 feet of hemicok lumber annually. Three hundred and forty-three thousand dollars are paid in wages in manufacturing this lumber.—Pittsburgh Post.

—Miss Tammie Curtis, daughter of Jacob Curtis of Monroe, Me., distinguished herself during the last haying season as the champion mower and horse-raker. "She has driven the mowing machine to cut twenty-five tons of hay, and the horse-rake to rake the same," says the Belfast Age, "and, as her physical organization called for more aversies she chearfully nitched nore exercise, she cheerfully pitched the hay one way, and stowed away the same in the barn. Mr. Curtis says he has not got his hay in in any better shape for many years, and in fact his field never was moved so well before."

—N. Y. Post.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

-Shakespeare was not a broker; but does anyone know of another man who has furnished so many stock quotations?

—Misery loves company and com-pany causes the good housekeeper a good deal of misery too, when she hasn't anything cooked in the house.— Somerville Journal.

-"Keep your temper, my dear sir."
said an old judge to an irritable young lawyer; "keep your temper—it is worth a great deal more to you than to any--It has been remarked that the

youth who wears the tallest collar and carries the largest stick wears the smallest hat; but why it is nobody seems to know.—Philadelphia Call. -- It is in vain for you to deny it

Here are three witnesses who saw you commit the deed. Prisoner — Only three? And pray what are three out of a population of 56,000,000.—The Judge. -"My dear," said a mother annoved

at some incautious remarks of her little girl, "why can't you keep a secret?"
"Because," said Little Mischief, demurely, "two of my front teeth are gone, mamma."

-The Sunday Herald has an article on "A Girl's Room—How to Make It Attractive?" But the article misses the best answer to its own question, o-wit: Put the girl in the room. ell Courier.

—It has been revealed that when Daniel Webster got stuck for a word he used to rub his nose with his finger. This is profoundly interesting, but not strange. Now, if he had rubbed his nose with his heel or even his elbow but the subject is getting too deep.-Philadelphia Call.

—Boston has a young man with two hearts. It is supposed "they beat as one." Should he divide his hearts with two young ladies, we don't suppose either of the latter would be satisfied. They would call him a heartless wretch, despite his surplus of cardiac organ.—Boston Post.

"George," she murmured fondly,
"do you believe in supporting a monopoly?" "No, dear, I don't. I believe in helping a monopoly along just
as little as I can. But why do you ask?"
"O, I don't know, only I thought maybe if you didn't you would have turned
down the gas."—New Haven News.

Caller "Won are sure Mrs. De

-Caller-"You are sure Mrs. De Bangs is not at home?" Maid-"Yis. ma'am." Caller-"I'm very sorry; wanted to interest her in the Society for the Amelioration of the Wrongs of Servants, and shall not have time to eall again." Maid (with sudden interest) - "Wait a minute, ma'am, and I'll

thry her again,"—Tid-Bits.

—Mr. Doubledollar—"O, yes, Minnie is very accomplished. Why, she sings in French, Italian and Spanish." sings in French, Italian and Spanish."
Mr. De Smythe—"Yes, that is very nice; but I should think she would learn some of those pretty little Eaglish songs that are so popular now-adays." Mr. Doubledollar—"Why, that's an English song she's singing now." Mr. De Smythe—"Indeed! I thought it was French, Italian and Spanish."—Life.

Spanish."—Life.

—Pretty girl.—"An old woman told me to-day that I ought to get some love-powder and she said she guessed you kept it." Druggist.—"You can mix it yourself by mixing half a teaspoonful of sugar with-a minute quantity of powdered starch." "Yes, and how wil, I give it to him?" "You must invite him to a supper which you prepare, and slip it into his coffee." "And will that make him want to marry me?" "It will if the coffee is good and everything else well cooked."—Chicage Tribute.

CHARLES INGEBRAND,

Fresh Meats of AllKinds OF THE BEST QUALITY,

At Very Lowest Prices! STORES AND FAMILIES

FRESH BOLOGNA GIVE ME A CALL.

CINCINNATI.

WASHINGTON BALTIMORE

RAILROAD.

NOW RUNNING

PALACE SLEEPING CARS

Through Without Change,

PHILADELPHIA

Washington and Baltimore.

DIRECT COMMECTIONS FOR ALL POINTS EAST AND SOUTHEAST.

The Favorite Short Line -70-Cincinnanti, Indianapolis,

St. Louis, Chicago, Kansas City, Omaha. Quick connections en route made in Union Depots with the Great Through Lines to all points in the

West, Northwest and Southwest Avoid circuitous routes which neces PALACE SLEEPING CARS

THROUGH TO St. LOUIS LoweftRate, Quickest Time and Best Accommodations. Trains Leave Hillsbore 7:10 A, M., 3:20 P. M

For further information and the bear bie rates, apply to B. OARSON, Agent C. W & B. R. R.

E. E. PATTON, Trav. Pass Ag't, Chillicothe, O.

J. H. STEWART, W. H. KING, Gen'l Manager, Ass't G.P.A., Cite input ALL THE PATENT MEDI-CINES ADVERTISED IN THIS PAPER ARE EORSALE

BY SEYBERT & CO., DRUG-

GISTS, HILLSBORO, OHIO. .

E. G. SMITH, Clerk. LORD & THOMAS, NEWSPAPER

9 Randolph St., Chicago, keep this paper on file and are authorised to ADVERTISERS.

FARM IMPLEMENTS OF SEEDS FEED CUITER. "DICK'S" FAMOUS FEED CUTTER,

"BUCK'S" FAMOUS FEED CUTTER,

"BUCKEYE" MORSE POWER and FEED MILL, Combined,

"MOMARCH" CORN and COB MILL,

"TAYLOR" OVERHEAD HORSE POWER,

"BROWN" FARM WAGGI,

"Brown" FARM WAGGI,

"Brown of Chilled Flows, Fan Mills, Corn Shollore, Barbod

"Green Rice, Clever and Grass Hood, Lindmetters Garden Seeds,

For Information or pricesson usey Farms Implements address the above,

Friess low at the lowest. Circulam free. Borrespondence solicited.





CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC R'Y

maker and Safety to those who trave sel. Its track is of heavy speel. Stron. Its reiting stock is parted as TO A COUNTY OF THE PARTY OF THE

Queen & Crescent Route The Short, Quick and Favorite Line

FLORIDA, NEW ORLEANS

AND TEXAS. Reaching all the PRINCIPAL POINTS South, Southeast and Southwest

Bouble Dally Service of Express Trains

Pirst and Second-Class Coaches, Mann's Elegant Boudoir Buffet Sleeping Cars, Pullman's Finest Pal-ace Buffet Sleepers

Passing through the MOST PICTURESQUE REGIONS of the SOUTH.

The trains of the QUEEN & CREMENT connect with all important lines running to Cincincianati, and Transvour Troures to ANY POURES SOUTH should be saked for via Queen and Orescent Boute, thus securing a journey attended with

Speed, Comfort and Convenience JNO. C. GAULT, R. X. RYAN, H. COLLBRAN, Gen. Manager. Am't Gen. P. Ag't. Gen. P. Ag't. CINCINNATI.



TO FAMILIES RESIDING WITHIN A RADIUS OF 150 MILES OF CINCINNATL, we will deliver to your raliroad station of steemboat landing.

FREE OF CHARGE HOUSEHOLD SUPPLIES, STAPLE AND FINE GROCERIES, WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS, o the value of \$3.00 and upwards, at prices quoted nour Consummer Monruett Prices Lint, malled mapplication. (Sugars in quantity excluded.) Our epitation of half a century has been built on conent quantity and quality, and bitter warfare gainst all adulterations, and by never making my misrepresentations.

JOSEPH R. PEEBLES' SONS, GROCERS, Pike's Building, Cincinnati, O. ESTABLISHED 1840.

STOPPED FREE

SCHOOL EXAMINERS.

THE Board of School Examiners of Highland county give notice, that examinations of Applicants for Certificates will take place in the Hillsboro Union School building on the first Paturday of every month, and on the third Saturday of February, March, April, August, September and October. The Examination fee prescribed by law is 50 cents. By order of the Board.